"And why not smile? If she had gone To dwell in sunny Italy— To gaze upon those palaced slopes And wander by that summer sea—

"Would I not joy to follow her In thought beneath those classic skies, To note with every changing scene The rapture in her glad young eyes?

"Yet with my winging joy, alas! Always a brooding four would mate. Not knowing when along the way Some nameless woo might lie in wait;

"But now for her, with love ensphered, No evi thing can work its spell: Safe talismaned from il- she treads The fields where living fountains well.

Why then not smile and open wide My windows to the blessed light, In that fair land that knows no night?"

—Mary B. Sleight, in Congregationalis

A BLACK SHEEP.

Curly Schwartz, the Little Nailer and His Happy Marriage.

It was seven o'clock on a cool September evening. The sun had set upon Smoketon, but a dull red glow still lingered in the heavens, above the heavy bar of smoke that lay upon the horizon. Above the cool, gray river, in which the red evening glow and the twinkling lights of the city lay clearly reflected, the "clustering spires" of Smoketon Island stood out against the darkening sky; the long arch of the bridge, with its lights gleaming in red and gold, gave a touch to the picture that was almost Venetian; the evening star hung low in the west, and from a loftier height the young moon looked calmly upon th peaceful scene.

That the horizon bar of smoke much less heavy than usual gave no manner of satisfaction to Thisbe Barton as she paced hurriedly back and forth by the riverside, with her masses of tawny hair unprotected from the evening breeze. For absence of smoke in Smoketon meant idle factories, and what that meant Thisbe and many others had had an excellent chance to learn during the four months' strike, which as yet showed no sign of drawing

A step behind her made her turn to meet the gaze of a rather small and narrow-chested individual whose pale, dark face and stooping shoulders were at once reduced to insignificance by con-trast with the girl's vigorous person-

ality.
"Is that you, Carly Schwartz?" she asked rather roughly. "I've just heard something of you, and if it's true, you'll

something of you, and if it's trac, you'll say good-bye to Thisbe Barton."

The man heaved a long sigh as he took off his hat and ran his fingers through the crisp, dark locks that had been the origin of his nick-name.

"I guess I'll have to do that, anyway, Thisbe." he answered mockly. The

"I guess I i have to do that, anyway, Thisbe," he answered meekly. The girl drew herself up haughtily, while her brown eyes gave an angry flash.

"What are you talkin' about?" she asked wrathfully.

"I'm talkin' about how I've been goin' around with you for better'n two years," he answered "mot to sneak of

he answered, "not to speak of havin' loved you all my life—and you havin' loved you all my life—and you was real good to me when we was chil-dren. Thisbe. Not another girl in Smoketon have I ever looked at, and

Smoketon have I ever looked at, and you know it; yet you won't say neither yes nor no, prompt and decided; and I can't stand it no longer."

"And so," the girl answered with slow scorn, "as if I had not lowered myselfenough by goin' around with a mere 'fleeder," you have gone and turned 'black sheep, to make me ashamed to hold up my head before my brothers."

"And if I have turned 'black sheep," where's the harm?" he demanded sulwhere's the harm?" he demanded su

lenly.

"Where's the harm in bein' a traitor? "Where's the harm in bein' a traitor?" she demanded, yet more enraged by his ignoring her connection with the matter. "Where's the harm in givin' in to lower wages, like a coward?"

"I ain't. I'm goin' on as a nailer, at better wages than ever I got in my life."

"Yes; betrayin' your class, and takin'

"I'm doin' nothin' of the kind. My "I'm doin nothin' of the kind. My class is the feeder nailers, and I'm bene-fittin' one of them—givin' him a rise in life. O, Thisbe," faltering suddenly in his defiant sullenness and looking into her face with appealing pathos. "O. Thisbe, don't be so hard on a fellow! I ain't a coward, nor a traitor, neither. If 'twas only me, I could starse or beg as well as any one; but there's my poor old mother—what is she to do while I'm oid mother—what is she to do while I m waitin' for the nailers to get the wages that suits 'em? I've done everything a man could do since this strike began. I've even swep' the streets and been glad enough to get the job; but there's plenty more as bad off as me, and jobs a hard to get. More than that Thicke plenty more as bad on as inc., Thisbe, is hard to get. More than that, Thisbe, you

have something to tell you. Geoff. Wal-ton asked me again last night to marry him, and I promised to give him an answer this evenin. He told me you was goin' on at the mill, or I'd a' said yes right off. So I came out here to think it over, and I've made up my mind. He's a true man. Geoff. is; you won't catch him goin back on the work-ingman and trucklin' to the oppressor; so I think I shall say yes."

"Then I wish you may set what you ininvaded seclusion for the rest of the evening.

so I think I shall say yes."
"Then I wish you may get what you deserve," said Curly, turning abruptly deserve," said Curly, turning abruptly on his heel and walking off, without the

"As if I cared for him," she muttered as she tied on her hat and turned her face homeward.

Curly had walked rapidly in the direction of Brown's mill. He was not a coward, as he had truly said; but if his intention to turn "black sheep" had gotten wind the less he was seen alone after dark the better. Smoketon police were not distinguished for their efficient vigilance, and many a striker would have asked no better fun than to knock the

lance, and many a striker would have asked no better fun than to knock the "traitor" quietly over the head.

Brown's mill stood at the end of Brown street, with the hill behind it. Not immediately behind, however. There was quite a stretch of comparatively level ground, even before one came to the railroad, which ran along a sort of ledge or terrace, just before the really steep ascent began. But, unless one turned and went back some distance along Brown street, and then "fetched a compass" by means of alleys and other circuitous byways, the only mode of getting from front to rear, or vice versa, of Brown's mill was through the mill-yard. All of which Curly knew without noting, as we all know perfectly unimportant matters which may never-theless come to influence our future. The gates were closed, but they opened at his knock and he passed within the wide inclosure.

wide inclosure.

The great strike at Smoketon was caused by something only too familiar to our day and generation—haste to get rich. A secondary cause was overproduction. There were several other production. There were several other causes not entirely creditable to our hu-man nature, and finally there came a reduction of the scale of wages. Brown's mill, after standing idle for four months, had secured the services of a number of feeder-nailers and was of a number of feeder-nailers and was now prepared to go to work. A part of the mill had been fitted up as a dor-mitory, ample provisions had been laid in, and there were signals, pass-words, etc., already in vogue among the hands, most of whom came from a neighboring city. In short, it was evident the own-ers did not expect to carry out their plans without opposition.

ers did not expect to carry out their plans without opposition.

Nor did the strikers intend they should. Thisbe Barton knew that perfectly well, but had not used it as an argument in speaking to her lover, partly from a latent fear that he might be influenced thereby, for in her heart she liked the "black sheep" too well to wish to see him prove a coward. Theirs had been a strange alliance. Thisby, the youngest of eight children and the one daughter, had during her twenty years of life been petted, spoiled and indulged by father, brothers and a weak and somewhat silly mother, who thought no one what silly mother, who thought no one in the world so beautiful or her young daughter. And indeed the girl must be allowed the credit of being a magnificent animal. Her auburn hair when unbound, fell to her knees in a mass of shining ripples; her eyes had the brightness, not only of perfect health, but of fearless spirit; her complexion all the brilliance possible to Smoketon, while her form was that of a beautiful Amazon. Curly, on the other hand, small, slight, and apparently predestined to nailers' consumption, was the only son of a widowed mother; and while the Bartons were commaratively well off in this world's a magnificent animal. Her auburn hair mother; and while the Bartons were comparatively well off in this world's goods, the Schwartzes had not a penny beyond what Curly could earn by his work in the mill. Thisby Barton had stood by him womanfully ever since, in his eighth year he had been left father-less and well-nigh friendless. She was less and well-nigh friendless. She was in age a year younger, in appearance several years older; than the puny, sickly boy whom she loved better than any of her seven brothers, and protected with the fierceness of a tigress in defense of her young. The taunts of her brothers about her "little sweetheart, who could not even read a circus poster," had merely the effect of inducing her to impart her own scanty stock of information to him after work hours, which amateur pedagogism, reacting which amateur pedagogism, reacting upon herself, gave her a much more thorough knowledge of what she had learned than has been usual among "sweet girl graduates" since the youth-

When they grew up this state of things underwent some little change, and Carly, who had always looked upon Thisbe as his personal and peculiar property, was overwhelmed with consternation to find himself snubbed and neglected, while the young beauty laughed, flirted and accepted candy and buggy rides—favorite offsprings of Smoketon's brave to Smoketon's fair—from those more favored by fortune than himself. True, it was only her head that was turned; her heart was still in the right place—that is to say, it is difficult to imagine what would of our grandmothers.

It was a matter upon which Thisbe grew to have little doubt in the long days that followed his turning "black-sheep." Perhaps the bitter abuse days that followed his turning "blacksheep." Perhaps the bitter abuse
showered upon him helped to enlist her
sympathies in his behalf; but she kept her
own counsel, and was credited by her
brothers with having at last "got over
her nonsense about that fellow." But
Thisbe had her reasons for being silent.
The attack on Brown's mill had not
been abandoned but only delayed by
the absence of one of the leaders. It
was very little the girl could learn in
relation to it, her brothers and their
friends being by no means given to imparting their intentions to women; but
by close observation and diligent attention to every word let fall in her pres-

plenty more as bad on as me, and jobs is hard to get. More than that, Thisbe, I've been drove half mad by you, blowin' hot one minute and cold the mext on that Geoff. Walton, the big fool. He's one of the malers I'm to be kep' starvin' to please, ain't he? No! I want work, hard work, to keep me from thinkin'. Thisbe. I've the chance of a better place an' higher wages than I ever had, an' I'm a-goin' to take 'em; you'll never sneer at me for bein' 'only a feeder' again, anyway."

"Have you finished?" asked Thisbe, white with passion, "because I don't wish to interrupt you; but if you are quite sure you are entirely through I have something to tell you. Geoff. Walton had partaken with the appetite pertaining to an approving conscience. With a woman's skill she had managed ton asked me again last night to marry

evening. It was late when she heard he deserve," said Curly, turning abruptly on his heel and walking off, without the ceremony of a farewell.

Thisbe stood looking after him in utter silence, her hands clenched at her sides, her nostriis dilated, her whole figure tense with anger. Anger, too, with which surprise was largely mingled, for Curly Schwartz had been her humble slave for so long that she could scarcely realize that he had at last declared his guiet, a muffled figure stole noislessly down the staircase and out into the foggiet, and then the had at last declared his guiet she discovered; the fog was so him all the better for it after a while.

Even in the midst of her rage there was

a strange new sche at her heart which she proudly denied even to her own soul.

"As if I cared for him," she muttered as she tied on her hat and turned her

"As if I cared for him," she muttered as she tied on her hat and turned her recollection to be at fault for a moment. pails to Brown's mill since her earliest recollection to be at fault for a moment. She took the shortest way, which led along the hillside and across the railroad, and approached the mill from the rear. Here was also a gate, at which she knocked lightly, but the voice which asked "Who's there?" made her heart best faster.

beat faster.
"A friend," she replied in a hoarse "A friend," she replied in a noarse whisper. "Speak lower, Curly Schwartz. There's to be an attack on you to-night, and I don't know how near they may be. I could not warn you any sooner. They swear they'll burn the mill over your heads."

"Is Geoff. Walton in it?" asked Curly in a whisper. The gate was still closed.

"Is Geoff. Walton in it?" asked Curly in a whisper. The gate was still closed between them, but the boards of the ancient fence had, unfortunately, only too many crevices through which a whisper might pass.

"What's that to you, Curly Schwartz?" "Much if you are This—" "Hush. I'm a dead woman if you betray me. There!" as a sudden flash showed the presence of a dark lantern upon the hillside, "you've no time to lose."

"But what will become of you?"

"Sh! rouse the mill; I'm safe enough. Good-bye!" and the girl was gone. But where? Already the strikers were too near to allow her to return as were too near to allow her to return as she had come, and escape in any other direction was prevented by the mill itself. Nothing better occurred to her than to crouch behind a pile of stones and rubbish, a little way up the hill, until the rioters should arrive, when, favored by the darkness, she hoped to make her way through the crowd as one of themselves. If they should suspect and molest her—the girl's beautiful lips parted in a not very pretty smile as she caught up a tolerably-size! stone from the heap and held it firmly in her strong right hand.

Yet for all her courage the scene which

in her strong right hand.

Yet for all her courage the scene which followed returned upon her many times in after years as a dream of horror—the breaking open of the gate, the shouts of defiance from within, the masked figbreaking open of the gate, the shouts of defiance from within, the masked figures piling flaming brands against the door, undeterred by a scattering pistol-fire from the defenders. The mill was well provided with arms and ammunition, but perhaps the nerve of the besieged was shaken by the suddenness of the attack, or perhaps they were not well accustomed to the use of their weapons. Whatever the cause, the volley did little harm beyond stinging the rioters into increased fury.

And now the door began to smolder and crackle, when suddenly it was flung wide and a party of the besieged rushed through the fire, scattering and stamping it out as they dashed upon the rioters, while another party flung pails of water upon the smoldering door and the still-burning brands. For a moment the rioters gave back; but as the besieged, their object accomplished, made

sieged, their object accomplished, made an equally sudden rush for the mill, their opnoneats rallied and followed close at their heels with yells of de-

Curly Schwartz had been one of the Cirry Schwartz had been one of the foremost in this sally. Thisbe, who, unable to make her way home, had been swept forward instead by the crowd, saw his form clearly defined against the dull, red glow of the furnace fires within the low, wide doorway. Nor was she the only one who record. Nor was she the only one who reconized him. There was a shout, a cursupon him by name, and a heavy clu upon him by name, and a heavy club raised by a powerful arm. Then a stone, which certainly came from Thisbe's direction, struck Geoffrey Walton's wrist; the arm fell by his side, and Curly's pistol touched histemple. Only for an instant, for beneath the black crape upon which the furnace fires gleamed all so red, Curly seemed to see the innocent eyes of the box with whom greamed at so red, carry seemed to see the innocent eyes of the boy with whom he had played in childhood. His arm dropped and he turned with the rest to regain the shelter of the mill. At the same moment a crushing blow fell upon him from behind; he dropped like a log and the trampling of many feet passed over his body. over his body.

That he was drawn by strong and ten der arms into a sheltered corner, Curl

have become of him and his old mother but for the wife who had married him when he lay upon his sick bed, unable to move hand or foot. Thisbe, however, was equal to anything—even to bearin the reproaches of her family. The were very bitter at first, but even he brothers used their influence to protect both herself and her husband, whom inmolest, from a perhaps well-founded conviction that his "punishment" (what-ever they meant by that) had been meted out by Providence. But after a few years the Bartons so far relented as to assist their erring sister to open a small shop, in serving which Curly found employment not too hard for his feeble strength.

Long before this the trouble between

the workingmen and "bosses" o Smoketon had been submitted to arbi tration and settled. Then came a European war and a consequent boom in iron. Some of the mill men (who perhaps had a finger or two in other speculations) grew suddenly rich, among whom was Geoffrey Walton, now married and the head of a family. His wife became a leader in Smoketon so. wife became a leader in Smoketon so ciety, and her handsome carriage often passed the little, one-windowed shop where Thisbe officiated with unfailing good temper and the brightest of smiles. But no sign of recognition ever came from carriage to shop, even when upon bright summer days Curly's chair was bright summer days Curry's chair was set upon the pavement and his pale figure luxuriated in the sunshine. Then he would grumble bitterly against what he called his fortune, and his wife would answer, as she tossed her bright-haired baby until he crowed again, while dark-eyed Lina clung timidly to her dress. "You keep still, Curly Schwartz. I'm the one to complain, for I might'a been ridin' in that carriage now if I'd a chose."

"But you ain't sorry, Thisbe?" Curly would ask, with an anxious glance in

"Not much!" would be the vigorous "Not much!" would be the vigorous response. "I never could abide the sight of that Geoff. Walton, anyhow," (O Thisbe, Thisbe, what a memory you have!) "and besides, a woman can't be more than perfectly happy, seems to me. More than that, whatever would you do without me, Curly?"

"Die," Curly would answer quietly. Then a momentary glance of tender-

eyes, to be immediately dismissed with a toss of the tawny head as Thisbe would lift up her voice in some gay song, to which the baby boy would crow an answer, while her husband listened with a smile of happi Chicago Tribune.

NORUMBEGA.

Norumbega has occupied a sort of ythical place in New England history. and hitherto it has been pretty unani usly located up the Penobse all sorts of fables have been woven about it, until if has even come to be regarded as a sort of sunken city. and celebrated accordingly in legendary rhyme. The results of some elaborate and interesting investigations made by Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, on Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, on the subject have been published by the American Geographical society. Prof. Horsford's attention was attracted to the matter as a result of the investiga-tions pursued in studying the Indian names of Boston, described by him in the interesting paper read before the New England Historic Geneological society. His careful researches in Alsociety. His careful researches in Al-gonquin philology made for that pur-pose led him to examine the structure pose led nim to examine the structure of a large number of Indian geograph-ical names in New England, including Norumbega, and this carried him into a line of investigation by which he has reached two important historical dis-

overies.

First, the site of the landfall of John Cabot in 1497; second, the site of the Fort Norumbega of the French, on the banks of the river bearing the same name, and of the Indian settlement near the fort—the agency of Thevet— and near it the Norumbega of Alle-fonsce, visited in 1859 by the sailor Ingram and his companions of the un-fortunate expedition of Sir John Haw-

kins.

The first Prof. Horsford places at Salem, which is therefore the first point on the American continent touched by Europeans, Columbus having reached nothing but islands until after that time. The site of the old French fort is in the immediate vicinity of Boston, being in the town of Weston at the point where Stony brook empties into Charles river. Prof. Horsford was led to the conclusion that this must be the site where the old fort stood, and therefore concluded to take a look at the locality. He there take a look at the locality. He, there-fore, drove out from Cambridge with a friend through a region which he had never before visited, and of which he knew nothing, except as indicated on the maps, and there he indeed found the remains of the fort.

the remains of the fort.

The research has involved a great amount of geographical and historical as well as philological study, a valuable collection of rare old maps; has been accumulated, and old ampublished manuscripts have been examined, some of which were in the great collections of the public library at Paris, where Prof. Horsford had copies made for him. In the present article, Prof. Horsford simply outlines the direction, method and results of his studies, proposing to

and results of his studies, proposing to embody the matter in more elaborat shape later on. It is held that Norum bega was a name which John Cabot brought back with him, and did not beshould have been inferred by him to be the particular name of a certain locality a notion which, as Prof. Horsford says, all students alike have inherited, and which has obscured research in regard to the landfall from that day to this. Dr. Trumbull, the great authority, has pointed out that each Indian geograph-ical name was descriptive of the place to which it was affixed. Therefore the first thing to be found out was what to which it was affixed. Therefore the first thing to be found out was what Norumbega means. This is ingeniously done by tracing the word throughout New England in its various modifications in the several Algonquin dialects, and noting the topographical features of the places to which it is applied. On glancing at the Indian names as he had arranged them in columns against their respective latitudes along the outline as given in the chart of the United States coast survey from the St. Lawrence to given in the chart of the United States coast survey from the St. Lawrence to Long Island Sound he remarked a striking peculiarity. The names grew easier of utterance as one moved southward. For instance, Quebec on the St. Lawrence, became Ahquebogue on Long Island. "As one moved southward from a region where the conditions of living were hard to where they were less exacting, from the region where life was a perpetual struggle to a region where there was relative leisure; where there were more extended manufactures (wampum), more commerce ictures (wami

factures (wampum), more commerce (furs), more decoration—the names became softer—as they become softer as one goes from Norway southward to Italy or Spain."

Naumkeag, or Nahumbeak, is the ancient Indian name of Salem. It first occurs in the record of Captain John Smith, and is the only name between the Merrimae and the Charles that at all suggests Norumbega. The name is found to mean water without current, and, on the coast, would be applied to a market already too full. These men and, on the coast, would be applied to a and, on the coast, would be applied to a bay or harbor. Analyzed, Nahum-beak is found to mean "divided bay," or "divider of the bay," according as it is applied to land or water. It would apply to Salem Neck, which divides the waters of the North and South rivers locally scenled.

locally so-called.

The description of all the early voyagers, when compared with their charts and their references to tides, latitudes, and their references to tides, latitudes, etc., all point to this place as the landfall of John Cabot, whose sailing directions were naturally followed by those who came after him. came after him.

It is known that the early French voyagers all established a trading town on these shores, where beaver and other on these shores, where beaver and other furs were found in great abundance, and all the descriptions thereof accorded with the point on Charles river above mentioned, and which appears to be confirmed by Prof. Horsford's remarka-ble discovery of the remains of the old fort. The article is accompanied by a plan of the place, made from a survey by the engineer of the Cambridge we plan of the place, made from a survey by the engineer of the Cambridge wa-ter-works, whose great new reservoir is on Stony brook, close by. This plan sustains the description of Thevet, in regard to the ditch and general fea-tures. This ditch, which took its water from Stony brook, Prof. Horsford found was known to the proprietor from boyhood, who supposed it had found was known to the proprietor from boyhood, who supposed it had served for purposes of irrigation. But, though the property had been in his family for a century or more, he had never heard of it being used for any purposes whatever. The ditch is, altogether, about two thousand three hundred feet long, of uniform level from the point on Stony brook, where it received the water, to where it discharged beyond the fort into the Charles.—Bosbeyond the fort into the Charles.—Bos-ton Herald.

-The Pennsylvania Railroad recently burned up fifteen hundred useless coal-cars to get the old iron in them. A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Why They Should Under No Circustances Frighten Their Children. I write to you, parents, concerning the welfare of your children. But espe-cially do I write to you, mothers, as having the greatest responsibility in the bringing up of the little ones and in the molding of their characters. The message I would bring home to you, one and all, is this: Never frighten them. and all, is this: Never frighten them. Do not, I beseech of you, run the risk of making idiots of them by filling their young minds with horrors. Do not attempt to frighten them into good behavior by solemn warnings of imaginary terrors. A large proportion of mothers use these means to coerce their children into chedience. They fill their intensity of the control into obedience. They fill their infant minds with dire stories of goblins, ogres, "boglemen, raw-head and bloody-bones," and hosts of other fictitious and bones," and hosts of other humanoses go terrible characters. The little ones go about expecting to find a lurking fiend The practice is not

terrible characters. The little ones go about expecting to find a lurking fiend in every corner. The practice is not only devoid of common sense, but is absolutely injurious and dangerous. Many a child has been driven insane through intense fear. So deeply instilled are these things in their minds—for mamma would not tell a lie, you know—that it takes years and years of after-life to thoroughly eradicate them.

The writer had a kind, good, self-sacrificing mother—God bless her!—but she committed this one error in bringing up her children. Many a time I lay in my crib with covered head and suffered the most intense agony of fear; many a time I nearly went into spasms upon being caught in the dark, which I imagined peopled with strange and fearful beings, and fraught with unseen dangers for naughty boys like unto me. And, strange to say, these feelings followed me nearly to manhood, and I believe they still lurk somewhere in my innermost nature.

Now. mothers, for the very love you

manhood, and I believe they still lurk somewhere in my innermost nature.

Now, mothers, for the very love you bear your children, avoid this great error. Bring them up as near as you can without the knowledge of tear. If fear be shown by them at any time try to reason it away, and show them that there is no cause for it, if there be none. Tell them no tales of ghosts, ogres, goblins, or other imaginary characters, neither tell them of horrible realities, such as Indian atrocities and the like. Such narratives take a deeper hold on their young minds than upon maturer intellects, and many a little one awakes at midnight with the cold sweat of terror on his brow, from the effects of some blood-curdling tale he had heard or read before going to bed.

dood-enruling tale local lefore going to bed. Make the little folks live as happily as possible, and so bring them up that in after-life they shall have no cause to entertain hard feelings towards their parents.—Good Housekeeping.

PRETTY CONCEITS,

relties in Caps, Dresses, Buttons and Kid Gloves. Jersey, polo, and Scotch caps are all

worn by small girls. Many elegant dresses are provided with two bodices; a high corsage for day wear, and low one for evening re-

ceptions. popular for sleighing and are usually be-coming, they are bordered with otter, or light beaver. Elegant cloth costumes have bands of

or light beaver.

Elegant cloth costumes have bands of black Astrakhan around the bottom of the skirt on the jacket, and also on the turban and muff, which are now considered necessary accompaniments.

A new pottery called "Peach Bloom" has the exact tints and shades of a ripe peach. This beautiful and low-priced ware is shown in vases and pitchers of handsome shapes. The Leeds ware is pretty in the new yellow shade.

Buttons were never so handsome as at present, some of them are so richly carved and colored as to resemble jewels. They must be of two sizes, small ones for the dress waist, and the larger for draping the dress.

The new shades in gloves are dark browns, garnets and gray for day wear, with silver gray mauve, putty and flesh color for evening wear. The mosquetaire is still the favored shape, but long wristed buttoned gloves are worn by ladies with plump wrists and arms.—

N. Y. Tribune.

STOCK-RREEDING.

The young man who is ambitious to ecome a breeder of blooded stock should look the ground carefully over before risking his fortune in

money raising thoroughbreds, while the list of failures is ditsressingly long.

Breeding fancy stock has a great attraction for wealthy gentlemen with rural tastes. A craze takes possession of them and they buy too much, and the next year finds them unloading upon a market already too full. These men are numerous enough to keep the selling rates a little below profitable prices, because they do not earn what prices, because they do not care what the enterprise costs them, as their object is more to obtain pleasure than profit. The man of modern means can profit. The man of modern means can not stand up against this opposition unless he is remarkably bright-witted and admirably adapted to the business. Look well before you leap, and begin in a modest way if you hope to pull through with profit and glory.—American leavement.

—Among recent publications is book of advice to homely girls, telling them how to cultivate health and beauty There is a great rush for the volume but of course no young lady will buy it if she can avoid it, and thereby ac knowledge that she is one of the homely girls; but they get over that by sending their little brothers after it. When they are forced to go themselves, they invariably remark that they want it for a friend.—N. Y. Mail.

-Minda Campbell, who died at Si vanah, Ga., recently, aged ninety-live was the mother of Tom Simms, the fugitive slave, whose trial in Boston in 1850 created great excitement, and re-sulted in the decision sustaining the sulted in the decision sustaining the validity of the fugitive slave law. Bos-ton men purchased Simms' freedom after he had been returned South.— (hieron later for Chicago Inter-Ocean.

-A bucolic salesman of the town of Mexico, N. Y., drove to the village during the peach season last fall to dispose
of his crop of peaches, and offered them
for sale at one dollar a bushel or a
shilling a peek. "It was very singular,"
he said, "that nobody took a bushel, but
almost everybody took a peek, and
some took two or three neeks." some took two or three Buffalo Express.

THE TOBOGGAN.

The toboggan is a sled with a single runner, which spreads clear across the bottom of the sied. The top of the to-boggan is just like the bottom. It is somewhat thicker than a sheet of writing paper and about as long as an after-dinner speech. Its seating capacity is limited only by the number of people who can get on it. The urbane and gentlemanly conductor sits aft and uses one of his lithe and willowy legs for a steering apparatus, by which he guides the toboggan some way or rudder. It is easy to slide down hill on a toboggan. In fact, after you start down you can't do any thing else. True, you could fall off. That is easily done. The flying machine is not high, so you haven't very far to fall. Still, if you have to fall from a toboggan half way down the slide, or else fail down stairs with a kitchen stove, you take the stove and the stairs paper and about as long as an after

a toboggan half way down the slide, or else fail down stairs with a kitchen stove, you take the stove and the stairs every time. It isn't so exciting and it isn't so soon. The prince and I walked up the stairway for the purpose of sliding down the banister on a toboggan. The president of the club took his place aft, somebody said, "let her go." Then we stopped and the president said, "How did we like it?" I left my breath at the top of the slide and we had to go up and get it. There it was, a great gasp three and a half inches long, sticking in the air like an icicle, just where I had gasped it when we started. I took it down, stuck it into my left lung and began to breathe again with great freedom. The toboggan is to any other way of getting down hill what flying is to going to sleep. If I was in a hurry and it was down hill all the way I would rather have a toboggan than a pair of wings, any day.

P. S.—There is usually an angol on

have a toboggan than a pair of wings, any day.

P. S.—There is usually an angel on the toboggan with you, which has a tendency to confirm the impression that you are going down with wings.

N. B.—A young Canadian of broad experience assures me that Toronto angels really and truly have wings, insomuch that often he has to drive with the characteristic of the same to held

somuch that often he has to drive with one hand, using his other arm to hold the angel from flying away. Addenda—I have known the same thing to happen in this United States.— Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

HE WAS DIVORCED. Uncle Asron's Gratification and his

"Good mornin', Marse Dick," said Aaron Morse, as he stepped into the store of Richard Kelly, down in Mississippi, and doffed his hat, holding it in his hands behind him.

"Good morning, Aaron. What can I do for you this morning?" said Mr. Helly.
"Da'se got me agin, Marse Dick."
"Who's got you?"
"Der gran gurer."
"What have you been doing?" "What have you been doing?"
"Nuffin, Marse Dick."

"You must have done something wrong. Dick, or the grand jury cer-tainly would not have indicted you." "Fo' God, Marse Dick, I hain't done

"Well, what do they say you have "Da 'scuse me er compromising wi'd

a hog."
"I knew you had been at some devil-ment, Aaron. You've been stealing a hog, and if you are convicted the court will divorce you from your wife for two years and send you to the penitentiary." "Hit will?"

"Hit will?"
"Yes."
"I golly, Marse Dick, dat's good."
"What! going to the penitentiary for two years good?"
"Not that part so much, but der udder part, dat what tickle me."
"What part?"
"Gitting dat deforcement from the ole ooman—dat what plees dis nigger."
"Then, I understand that you are willing to serve two years in the penitentiary to get rid of your wife?"
"Dat's der conclusion of hit, for er ooman dat don't take no intrust in her husband, and don't do nuffin fer he's 'sport, and forces him to skarmish in der woods for raehuns got no bisniss wid er husband."

Aaron was tried the following week

wid er husband."

Aaron was tried the following week and the judge gave him four, instead of two years, and now he wants his wife to sell her two cows to pay a law-yer to appeal his case to the Supreme Court. But she rather likes the divorce herself expecially as it coasts her nothing. herself, especially as it costs her nothing —Detroit Free Press.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

How a Heavy Lond was Lifted from in a barber-shop on Chatham street the the conversation other day, when some one spoke to one N. Y. Independent. other day, when some one spoke to one of the barbers and called him "Count."

"What! what's that?" exclaimed the farmer as he sat up on end, with the lather over his face. Have you a Count

"Yes, sir."
"Is he alive?" "O, yes."
"French or Italian?"

"Italian. "By George! but I want him! Here, you Count—are you married?" "No, sir."

"No, sir."

"Good agin! Want to be spliced?"

"May be I like to."

"Of course you do! I've got a gal nineteen years old who is crazy to marry an Italian Count. She's handsome, healthy, good-natured, and I'll give her ten thousand dollars as a dowry. What d'ye say?"

"I'll see about it."

"Good! Go on with your shaving, and arter I'm scraped I'll have a talk "Good! Go on with your shaving, and arter I'm scraped I'll have a talk with you. Woosh! Aunt Jerusha, but I'm in luck! Saves me tsottin' that gal clear over to Italy, and we get a husband for her who is both a Count and

-There is a marked contrast betw —There is a marked contrast between the temperature at the surface and in the depths of the mines on the famous Comstock lode. While severe winter weather is prevailing outside the heat is so intense in the lower levels of the mines that the workmen, who have no clothing on but overalls and heavy bro-gans to protect the feet, can work only on short intervals.—San Francisco Chronicle.

-A daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cad —A daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that when her mother and Miss Susan B. Anthony work together on their "History of Woman Suffrage" they often get into animated discussions over their subjects, and dip their peninto their mucilage bottles and their mucilage brushes into their ink bottles in indiscriminate excitement.—Troy criminate excitem

-Knoxville, Tenn., is built over a cave, and occasionally the bottom of a street drops out.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

Of the forty-three thousand numbers of the Presbyterian Chr last year about twenty-one the came from the Sunday-schools.— tian Union.

—The late Senor Dona Susana Beintez Vindade Parejo left \$300,000 to found a boya' school in Madrid, and \$160,000 in medical charities.

—The State of Pennsylvania has eighteen schools for soldiers' orphans, on which \$8,000,000 has been expended during the past twenty years.—Philadel-phia Press.

—In the 1,215 colleges and the other institutions of learning in the country, attended by 155,000 young men, there are now 210 Y. M. C. Associations.—

—The Norwegians of Brooklyn have founded a hospital for the benefit of their fellow countrymen. A deaconess from the old country has entered upon

—A Waterbury paper mentions a citizen who removed his daughter from a great female college in consequence of the "prevalence there of the baneful and disgustinghabit of chewing gum."—Hartford Courant.

-The London correspondent of Science announces that the old public schools in England are relaxing their strict adherence to the classics. "Eng-by," he says, "is about to institute a modern side, and changes in the same direction are gradually introduced at Eton, her great rival, Harrow having long had something of the kind." -That was a good bit of advice given

—That was a good bit of advice given by an old and reverend minister to some young theologues who were keeking hints as to sermon writing. "Choose your text," he said, "then try to live it for a week, and at the end of that time you will be in a condition to write." If this method of preparation were in more frequent use, audiences might have less reason to complain of "dry" discourses.—Congregationalist.

—In a Chicago school, recently, the

courses.—Congregationalist.

—In a Chicago school, recently, the class that was reciting the "language lesson" were requested to give a sentence with the word "capillary. A little girl wrote, "I sailed across the ocean in a capillary." When asked what she meant by that, she turned to Webster's unabridged and triumphantly pointed out this definition—"Capillary: a fine vessel." Further investigations showed that nearly all the class had made the same blunder.—The Advance.

—A curious company went over from

—A curious company went over from New York to Brooklyn a few Sunday nights ago. It consisted, among others, of the Rev. Mr. Haweis, Courtland ers, of the Rev. Mr. Haweis, Courtland Palmer, Andrew Carnegie and two daughters of Bob Ingersoll. Mr. Beecher knew they were there and he arose to the situation and preached one of the very best sermons that ever came from the Plymouth pulpit. After the sermon he was introduced to the little party. One of Colonel Ingersoll's daughters told him that that was the first time she had ever been in a church in her life, whereat Mr. Beecher said that she was the prettiest pagan he ever saw, and the priests and the agnostics laughed heartily at the pleasantry.—N. Y. Tribune.

-The most remarkable revival in The most remarkable revival in progress in the world is going on in the Telugu Islands. The missionary work among these Telugus has been attended with marvelous success, the baptisms in each year being numbered by the thousands. Now the idolators seek to get even with the missionaries and win the people back to the faith of their fathers. They go among the Christian converts bearing on bamboo poles small idol houses. They make a great noise with drums and shoutings and generally attract crowds of people. The missionaries say that there has not in half a century been such a revival of idolatry. century been such a revival of idolatry.

-Chicago Herald.

WIT AND WISDOM.

-The first in conversation is trut! the next, good sense, the third, good sumor, and the fourth, wit.—Swift. -When Fogg heard the landlady bo-

low stairs pounding the beefsteak li-remarked that Mrs. Brown was tender-ing a banquet to her boarders.—Boston Transcript. -Beware of prejudices; they are rat-and men's minds are like traps. Pro-judices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.—Christian Advo-

-The mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing on earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter.— N. Y. Examiner.

"What is the first thing you would do.
Jones, if you were stung by a hornet?" A farmer from the romantic region of the Chenango Valley was being shaved "Howl," replied Jones, solemnly. And

the conversation abruptly ended.—

N. Y. Independent.

—A disciple of Blackstone at Albany,
Ga., was met carrying home a possum.
He was asked: "Hello, J., what is
that?" "Possum!" "What are you
going to do with him?" "I'm going to
have a big 'possum supper." "How
many will be there?" "Two; me and
the 'possum!"—Allanta Constitution.

—John is very kind to the poor,"
said Mary, "but after all it may be more
for the sake of praise than doing good."
"Look here, Mary," said her husband,
"when you see the hands of our clock
always right you may be sure that there
isn't much wrong with the inside works."

—Chicago Mail.

—The latest anecdote about the old
lady who thinks she "knows everything" is about how she went to a
church sociable, and as she entered the
church the young ladies said: "Good
evening, auntie, we are glad you came;
we are going to have tableaux this
evening." "Yes, I know, I know,"
was the reply. "I smelt 'em when I
first came in." —Western Rural.

—"Aw," drawled a city swell to a country boy, whom he met in the road one
freezing morning, "the superlative gelidity of the circumambient atmosphere
renders extraforaneous peregrinations,
much less delectable than subtegulaneous pursuits, don't you know." "Goshamity." said the boy, "doi though? I
thought it was too dang cold for that."

Merchant Traveler.

Forcing Business.

Forcing Business.

"Didn't you sell any peanuts?" in-nired the experienced train boy of the w recruit.

new recruit.

"No," was the reply.
"Go through the car an' give each passenger a peanut."

The new recruit did so.
"Now try 'em agin," said the train boy of experience.

Presently the new recruit came after more neanuts.

more peanuts.

"You want to keep your eyes open in this business, young feller," admonished the expert, relilling the basket. "Anybody'll eat a peanut what don't cost him nothin', an' when he once gits the flavor he's gone. You've got to study human nature."—N. Y. Sum.